

## God of Milfs 161

### Chapter 161: What's Your Take On Polygamy?

She looked like she wanted to ask me to stop since it was embarrassing for her to see me playing with her bodily fluids. But she realised, that, just like her, I was also soaked in her ejaculate, and we were long past the touching phase she couldn't prevent, and just accepted what she was seeing in shame.

"But really, though..." I said while looking at her jeans, which had changed from a light blue to a darker blue because of how wet her pants were. "To think that the cool and elegant lady I saw at the doorstep today, who I thought looked and acted like a graceful noble, would do such a thing as squirt all over her sofa while she sat on the boy next door by just listening to his words."

"...I honestly didn't expect such perverted behaviour from you, Miss Camila Alvarez, my lovely neighbour next door." I smirked at Camila, which made her look like she wanted to cry at how ashamed she felt right now because of the impulsive mistake she made.

"No Kafka!~ I-It really is not like that!~...I'm normally not such a perverted woman who does such things!~" Camila tried to defend herself in a desperate manner, so that I didn't look down on her.

"...It's just that I got worked up in the moment when I heard the stories about you and your mother's relationship and just followed along with what my body said at that time, since it was the first time I felt so hot and stuffy that I couldn't even breathe, and I did what I could to relieve that feeling."

"You did what you had to do to relieve that feeling?...As in the sense, playing with your nipples and grinding your ass on my crotch, so that you can create a flowing waterfall on top of me?" I went back to my business and started sucking on her back while also talking with her at the same time.

"...Yeah, that sounds about right."

Camila simply blushed and bowed her head in shame, as there was nothing else she could say about what I said since it was all true.

"And why did you even get turned on to the point that you orgasmed yourself all the way to heaven, just from hearing my words?" I asked as I sucked at the area under her shoulder blade. "All I did was talk about how different my mother and I's relationship was to a normal mother-son relationship...How in the world did you get off from that?"

"That's exactly it!" Camila's eyes lit up, like she had finally found a point that she could use to defend herself. "How could I not feel certain emotions when you were talking about your bizarre relationship with your mother that was forbidden in so many different ways?!"

"I mean, just how many people out there can list to how you groped your mother's chest or how she cleans your p-pis for you in the shower with a calm mind and not think of any uncouth thoughts, no matter if it's because of your upbringing or not?!" She exclaimed, thinking that she had finally gotten one over me.

"You say all that. But you do know that you're basically admitting to getting turned on by a borderline incestuous relationship between a mother and son you've both met, right?" I said, which immediately shut her mouth and made her shake her head like she was deeply regretting admitting such a thing.

"And while we're still on that topic, what do you think about the relationship me and my mother have?" I said as I moved towards the area near her neck, which seemed to be quite sensitive seeing how Camila was trying her best to control her whimpers when I sucked her there. "...Not just the basic relationship we have, but the 'special bond' we have with one another."

"Well, about that..." Camila thought about it for a while to understand what she felt about it, while I was preparing myself to get some criticism from her since it was something that was normally condemned because of the morality behind it.

But to my surprise, it went the exact opposite way I was thinking, as she casually said, without a care in the world,

"...I think it's fine, I guess."

"Y-You think it's fine?...You don't think it's weird that I do such things with my mother when it's seen as taboo by the rest of the world?" I asked with a peculiar look on my face, having absolutely no idea why she was taking such a big matter so well.

"Well, yes, it is a bit strange...No, it's actually very strange to have your mother help you learn how to take off a bra, and walk naked with her at the house while your father isn't at home..." She said as her face slowly flushed when she thought of all the things that were happening in the house next door.

"...But that's only because I'm used to seeing normal mother-son relationships my whole life and have never seen one like you have with your mother, where you're quite open about your feelings and desires for one another."

"I'm pretty sure that if I had lived in Alabama as well and grew up with that same culture, I wouldn't really find it so weird and bizarre and would think that it's quite normal." Camila said in an experienced and level-headed manner.

"So as strange as I find it, I don't think I should or have the right to judge something just because I have a different perspective on it, and I should be considerate towards how the other person lived their life and upbringing before I make up my mind as to how I feel about it."

"W-Wow...That's really understanding of you, Camila." I said with a blank look on my face, not expecting her to give me such a thoughtful answer, that it not only didn't offend my relationship with my mother but also made it seem like she wanted to know more about our relationship so that she didn't feel so weird about it anymore.

"I'm honestly looking at you in a new light right now, with how shockingly smart and considerate you are..."

Camila happily accepted the praise in a bashful and looked like she was saying, 'Haha~ You don't have to praise me that much or else I'll get embarrassed~'.

And seeing that she was so understanding, I decided to ask the question that had been on my mind for a while now, which I didn't know how she was going to take, and I was praying for the best.

"So, while we're on that topic..." I dragged my words out since I didn't know how to approach the subject. "...What do you think about my relationship with my mother and how it will affect our relationship?...Like, as in, how I have another woman in my life who's just as important as you?"

I tried to ask the question of me having multiple lovers in the most subtle way possible, and I wouldn't even be surprised if she kicked me in the face for asking that since she had all the rights to do so.

But once again, Camila surprised me with her answer, to the point where even my jaws dropped to the ground, when she said,

"Oh, why would I mind that, wh such a thing has already be normalised a long time ago?"

Chapter 162: You Don't Mind That I Have A Harem?!

"...Normalised what?"

I asked with an absurd look on my face, not believing what I was hearing.

"...H-Having multiple partners?"

"Yeah, that..."Camila looked at me with her eyebrows raised. "Why do you look so surprised about something that everyone already knows and is basically common knowledge to everyone?"

Of course, I'm surprised! The world I was previously in didn't take polygamy so lightly, so there's no way I wouldn't be shocked out of my mind!

I'm actually so shocked right now that my face was twisting a so hard that Camila was staring at me weirdly.

But ev though I had so many questions about how this all worked out in a relationship and how it came to be, I asked Camila to confirm what she said.

"...So you really don't mind that I have a special bond with my mother wh I'm also in a relationship with you?"

"No, I really don't mind." Camila casually said like she didn't ev mind if I added more partners, which obviously had to do with this world's culture that normalised polygamy in such a way that ev an emotionally vulnerable woman like Camila was fine with me having other lovers.

And as if that plot twist was ough, she dropped another bomb on my head wh she said, with a carefree smile on her face,

"...And it's just your mother, who's also in a differt type of relationship with you, who's actually such a loveable sweetheart, who makes me want to hug her whenever I see her because of how cute she is, so I really don't mind and would ev prefer sharing you with her."

Woah! Woah! Woah!...Not only does Camila not care that I have other wom and is way too accepting of it, like she just can't be physically jealous of another person for also having a bite of her partner. But she also wouldn't mind adding more wom, as long as she gets along with them and finds them pleasing to the eye...

Just what kind of godly world is this?! And why wasn't I st here much sooner?!

"What's wrong, Kafka?"

Why do you have such a weird smile on your face?...It's almost making me want to kick you in the face with how perverted it looks." Camila said as she covered up her chest to protect herself wh she saw how I was looking up at the ceiling with a wide smile on my face, unable to control how happy I was feeling right now, and was thanking the Gods for sding me to such a magical land.

[Your Welcome...]

And a message actually came back from Evageline, who was watching everything along with the other Gods in the Heavly Axiom, which I didn't know whether to laugh or cry about.

"Oh, sorry about that...I was just thinking about how wonderful of a world this is and how happy I am to be alive right now." I said, which made Camila stare at me as if I had gone crazy.

I th quickly asked for the third time to make sure that I wasn't living in a delusion.

"So, you really don't mind my relationship with my mother?"

"Yes Kafka, Yes! For the millionth time, I really don't mind!" Camila exclaimed in vexation after hearing me ask the same thing over and over again. "And if you ask that question one more time, I'll actually change my answer and say that only one person can live in the same house as you, and it's either your mother or me!"

"Oh, no, no, no~ You don't have to make such hasty decisions, my sweetest, Camila, as I promise I will never bother you with such a question again!~" I started massaging her feet like her servant to console her for what I said, to which Camila nodded her like she was saying, 'As I should' for irritating her in such a way.

"...And just in case you were wondering, do you have any doubts or anything you wanted to ask about my relationship with my mother?" I asked so that I could change the topic while pressing into the soles of her feet, which were quite sticky and moist from all the love juice that oozed down and gave off a more pungt odour of her ejaculate.

"Well, I do have one, now that I think about it..." She said while her eyes roamed a the room in hesitation, like she was wondering if she really wanted to know the answer to her question.

"...which is just how accurate were all the things you did with your mother?...Like was everything you said true...or did you add in some bits knowing that I-I would like it that way?"

Camila looked nervous to hear my answer to her question and didn't know if she would prefer what I said to be mostly false or mostly true, due to her kinky interest in seeing such forbidd relationships in action.

"50-50." I said while finishing off the last of her back, which was starting to bruise all over and form the picture I had in my head. "Some of it was true, and some of it was made up to appease you."

"What parts of it were true?...A-And what parts of it wer't?" She gulped as her glimmering eyes looked at me with a nervous and expectant gaze.

"Why don't you find out yourself, wh you come over to my house?" I smiled off-handedly and looked at Camila peeping back at me. "My mother and I will put on a 'show' for you, just to show you how close we are."

"O-Okay..." She said in a stammering voice as her face dripped red. And since she had already asked an embarrassing question that came with an ev more shameful answer, she decided to ask another question that was on her mind.

"Umm...And you don't have to answer since it might seem weird. But it's just so that I can understand your culture much better...But if in a hypothetical situation where I was your mother and I raised you in your hometown, Alabama...W-Would you do the same things you did with your mother with me as well and t-treat me the same way?"

Camila immediately pulled up her pillow to cover the lower half of her face to hide her embarrassmt and only revealed her beautiful blue eyes, which were shimmering at what my answer might be.

"Well, I don't know if I would have the same type of relationship that I have with my mother with you in that type of situation..." I said as I got up, since my job on her back was all over and all that was left was to reveal the masterpiece I had created on her back. "...But what I can tell you is one thing."

"You see this pussy of yours that squirted all over the place and is currtly under this mountain of meat, you call an ass..." I said as I patted her ass, which made 'sploching' sounds because of how wet her pants were. "...I'll just say that there wouldn't be a day in your life, if you were my mother, where a viscous liquid would be oozing out of your pussy at all times."

#### Chapter 163: Eternal Name

Camila didn't understand what I said at first and looked confused. But when she looked at the bump in my crotch, from my dick that was partially erect, she immediately fit all the pieces together and understood what I was saying.

Her face flushed, and she was just about to turtle into her pillow again to vent her newfound embarrassment, but I quickly caught her by the chin before she did so and said,

"You can scream into the pillow whenever you want later, but for now, get up and show me where the mirror is in this household of yours."

"W-Why?" She tried to pull her head away to hide, but failed to do so since I had a firm grip on her chin.

"Because my piece of art on your back is complete, and I want to show you the results." I said, which immediately made her forget what she was embarrassed about and made her eyes light up.

"Really?!" She quickly got up from the sofa and turned her head to look at her back. "But I can't see anything...It just looks all purple and blue for some reason."

"You won't be able to see anything like that and will probably need a mirror to see the picture I created." I said, wanting her to appreciate the full image instead of just glimpsing at it from the front. "...But before that, I think you should cover yourself up first, since your puppies are hanging out and looking at me."

I pointed at her naked chest that was exposed after she didn't cover up after she got up from the sofa, which she immediately covered up with her hands in a fluster after I mentioned it to her.

Camila frantically looked around and seemed to be searching for her bra or blouse so that she could cover up her chest, which was still mostly visible because of how big they were. But before she could, I grabbed her by the hand and pulled her up towards me, to her surprise.

And while she used one hand to cover the most private parts on her chest, which were poking out from time to time, I pulled her towards the other side of the living room, where I saw a full-body mirror in the corner.

"Wait, Kafka! Let me at least get my top, so I can cover myself up!" Camila cried out after being made to walk half naked with a boy who was as young as her daughter, and tried to go back and get her clothes.

"We have no time to spare for that, since I really want to know what you think of your back as quickly as possible and want your honest opinion on my work." I shamelessly lied, the main reason being that I didn't want her cover-up being because I really liked looking at her frantic figure looking around the house as if she were checking if anyone was looking at her through the walls and wanted to savour it a bit longer.

Camila stood no chance against my iron grip on my hand and inevitably gave up, clutching her buxom breasts that were shaking with every step she took and giving me a reluctant sigh as if she were wondering if her life was going to be just as vigorous and spontaneous when she was with me.

But once she had that thought, a hopeful smile broke out on her face, like she was suddenly looking forward to the future with me, leaving behind the emotionally draining life she lived till now for a happier one where she was appreciated and got the love she deserved.

Once I brought Camila in front of the mirror and pushed her forward so that she could be the main focus of attention while I stood right behind her, Camila's face flushed in a fluster after seeing just how naked and nude she actually was with her bare breasts, wide waist that looked like marbled fat, and her sexy navel that sunk inward and looked like it would be perfect for fingering while I wrapped my hand around her waist.

Camila tried to escape from the mirror once she saw her shameful figure, but I quickly caught her and pushed her right back while she looked at me with a reluctant gaze.

And then, to start the unveiling of my little project on her white canvas-like back, I put my hand around her shoulder, which made her shiver because of how cold my hand felt on her naked skin, I bent down and pulled her closer to me, and while both of were staring at her vulnerable figure in the mirror, I pointed at the mirror and asked,



"What do you see in the mirror?"

"In the mirror?" She asked while looking at the hand that was on her shoulder with a warm gaze and bent down so that she could feel my touch on her skin a bit more. "I see me and you in the mirror."

"Leave aside your new scandalous lover that's been playing with you while your husband isn't at home..." I said which made her cheeks flush and made her elbow me in the chest with a pout. "What do you see in the mirror?"

"If my charming little neighbour, who looks so sweet and innocent but actually does some unspeakable things with his own mother, is ignored from the picture no matter how handsome he is..." Camila said with a smirk on her face, so that she could get back at me, which made me give a wry smile at her nature to never back down without a fight. "...then there's only one person in the mirror."

"And that's me!" She said in an enthusiastic manner and even popped out her chest, which made her bouncy puppies tremble.

"And just who are you?" I asked while looking at her ravishing visage in the mirror.

"A beautiful and sexy older lady?" She said in a half-confident half-doubting manner.

"Yes, you no doubt are a beautiful woman who managed to steal my heart at first sight..." I gave her a peck on the cheek, which made her look down in a fluster. "...But what I meant when I asked who you were was your name."

"My name?" She looked at me in a confused manner, wondering if I had suddenly forgotten her name and was doing all this because I was too scared to ask again. "It's Camila Alvarez. Why are you asking about something you already know?...Or is that you want me to say that my name is Camila Vanitas rather than Camila Alvarez?"

She looked at me with the corner of her eye with a suspicious gaze, wondering if I was doing all this for her to accept my family name.

"What would you do if I said that's exactly what I was trying to do?" I asked with a smile on my face. "Would you let me have the honour of holding my family name, or would you prefer that I change my name to yours?"

"The fact that you wouldn't even mind changing your name to mine is more than enough for me to be called Camila Vanitas for the rest of my life!" Camila threw herself into me and hugged me with one hand, more than elated that she found someone who was willing to take her maiden name in a world where such a thing was prohibited between men.

"Well, whether it's Camila Vanitas or Camila Alvarez, your given name 'Camila' doesn't change no matter what you choose and stays with you for the rest of your life." I said and held her shoulders. "...And even though the Camila I've made on your back can't last as long as your name, which shall remain forever, I still think that it depicts the beauty and gracefulness of the owner of its name."

"...Or atleast that's what I think." I said with a nervous chuckle, as I really did want Camila to like what I did since I was actually quite proud of the piece of artwork on her back.

"Well, what I think of it doesn't really matter since I'm quite biased towards what I made, and what you think of it is what really counts...So turn around and see for yourself if I done justice to your name, 'Camila'."

#### Chapter 164: Purple Camillia

I was expecting Camila to be surprised to see what was on her back, since it was an elaborate piece of artwork done on her body in a very unconventional way. But I still underestimated how shocked she would be, as the moment she turned her back to the mirror and looked back around to see what was on her back, Camila's eyes went wide in disbelief and her mouth parted in utter astonishment.

She looked like she couldn't believe what she was seeing and had to blink her eyes to confirm that she wasn't seeing wrongly.

It was only after a solid minute of staring at her back in the mirror did she open her mouth and say, in a stunned manner,

"Kafka...Is that what I think it is on my back?"

"...Is that actually a drawing of a Purple Camillia on my back?"

Camila said in a daze as she stared at the delicate strokes that traced the silhouette of a purple Camellia in full bloom on the canvas of her skin.

The petals of the flower on her back unfurled gracefully, their regal purple hue imposing against the warmth of her flesh as if a purple dye had been embedded into her skin to form the imposing image on her slender white back.

And every curve and contour was captured with precision, as if the flower had been plucked from the garden and immortalized upon her back, a testament to nature's artistry and the beauty of the human form.

The picture of the flower was also quite big and took up most of her back, so no matter what angle she saw it from, she could clearly see every single vibrant petal on her back.

"Why it is a Purple Camillia on your back..." I said as I put my hands on Camila's shoulders and pushed her forward so that she could get a better look. "...Do you like it?"

"Like it?...No, I love it." She said in a low tone, like she was too shocked to speak loudly and show her excitement.

But it was still apparent how exhilarated she was by the way her eyes were slowly tearing up and how she was holding onto my shirt tightly, like she never wanted me to leave her side.

"...I love it so much that I feel like throwing the ring on my finger and eloping to your house to reintroduce myself to your mother as your woman, since no one has ever done something as precious as this for me, which is making me feel all sorts of feelings that I never knew even existed." She said as she rubbed the ring on her finger, like she was thinking if she should do as she said, as she didn't like that she was the only one getting pleasantly surprised over and over again without giving back anything in return.

"You can take your time with that, and you don't have to rush it, as I'm willing to wait as long as it takes for you to come to terms with your decision." I said as I held her hand to show that she didn't have to make any tough decisions for me, which made the gentle way she was looking at me grow even more deeper and she took a step towards me like she was really afraid of losing someone as understanding and compassionate as me.

"...But in exchange for all my hard work on your back, you could take your hands off your chest and bless my eyes with the sight of your splendid milkers that look like they could feed any entire nation's milk supply." I said as I slowly grabbed her hands and tried to pull them off her chest.

But to my surprise, there was no resistance from Camila, as she just let me peel off her hands from her chest, revealing her massive white mountains to me that dropped down the moment her hands stopped supporting their colossal weight.

Her cherry-red nipples were also revealed and made a red line in the air when they declined downwards with her breasts like a red LED light being waved around in the darkness, leaving a faint light path wherever she went.

"Oh wow. I didn't think you would actually accept my request, Camila." I said while intensely staring at her sweltering nipples that were bright red from all the pinching and pulling.

"You may be fine with waiting as long as you need to. But no matter what you say, I'm still a little bit scared that you might not be interested anymore if I don't give you anything in return...S-So showing something like this should be enough to satisfy a pervert like you for a while."

She said as her face flushed while propping up her breasts from under, which only made them look much bigger and voluminous before, like gooey dough that was being spilled on the ground.

I couldn't hold back anymore after seeing the wonderful sight before me and pushed my hand forward to grope her fat tits that were exposed at the moment.

Slap~

But my hands were slapped away once again when they were just about to reach their target by the proud owner of those jugs, who was currently looking at me with a feisty glare.

"What? Are you not scared that I won't think of you anymore if you don't let me play around with your jugs?" I said jokingly as I put my hand away.

"I honestly am not, since I believe someone as lecherous as you won't give up after seeing the sight before you and would even wait a million years to get your hands on them and have a feel of them on your own." Camila said with a sly smile on her face, like she read me like the back of her hand.

"It hasn't even been a day since we've met, and you already know so much about me, don't you..." I said as I pulled her fluffy red cheeks, for acting so cheeky around me.

"It's not that hard when I take into account that you're a pervert who doesn't hide his desires and shows all his emotions on his face." She said as she pulled her cheeks away with a pout that she didn't like the fact that I was treating a grown woman like her who already has a family, like a child.

But at the same time, contradictory to what she wanted, once she pulled her cheeks away from my fingers, she pushed the top of her head that was soft and silky to touch onto my hand, like she was asking me to give her the headpats she wanted, which was quite tanadorable sight.

Pat~ Pat~ Pat~

After getting enough headpats that would last her for a while, she leaned her body on my chest with a satisfied smile on her face while letting her breasts squish onto my body.

She then looked back at the mirror and asked, as she rested herself in my embrace,

"I knew that you were talented the moment I saw you, with the way you held yourself up while talking to me and the confidence that was brimming from your eyes...But I never expected you to be so talented that you could make something so pretty on my back." She said as she admired the purple flower with multiple petals on her back, that it looked like someone had tattooed that image onto her smooth white skin.

"...Especially with how you didn't use any paint or tools to make this masterpiece of an artwork that looks like it belongs in an art exhibition." She said as she rubbed her back with her hand and found that she couldn't rub off the image on her back no matter how hard she tried, like the picture of a flower embedded into her skin.

"Just how did you do it?"

"It's quite simple really and doesn't really have to do anything with talent, and has more to do with having a good pair of lips that knows how to give a good suck." I said as I gently caressed the outline of the flower on her back, which made her remember all that sucking her back went through and made her look away in a fluster.

"I just formed an image in my head before I did anything, which in your case was a flower, and used that picture as a reference to embed that image into your back by sucking your skin."

"You made this just by sucking on my skin?" She asked in an astonished manner, not believing such an elaborate and detailed image could be done without any tools. "How does that work?"

"Well, you know how hickeys come about, right?" I began to explain to the curious Camila.

"I have never experienced it myself, but I do know that purple blemishes form when someone sucks on another person for too long, which are called hickeys." Camila said which made me wonder if her husband was even a man, if he had never given his wife with such tender white skin a single love bite.

"Exactly. Using that concept, I went around your entire back and started giving you purple hickeys by sucking every inch of your back that needed to be sucked on." I said as I traced my hand around her back to show her the path I followed, which made her shiver at the tingling sensation.

Chapter 165: Show Everyone Who I Belong To

"I also didn't randomly suck on your skin and made sure to suck on it at a certain level of intensity."

"The higher intensity of suction gives a darker tone of purple, like you see here on this side of your back." I pointed at the outline of the flower, which was the darkest part of her back, and then pointed at the insides of the petals, which were lighter shades, and said, "And the lower intensity giving a lower tone of purple, that slightly looks like it's a mix of violet and blue."

"I see...I didn't know such a barbaric way of marking someone's body could be used to create such a beautiful picture on my back that will definitely make everyone's eyes focus on my back if I were to ever walk around in a backless dress." Camila said as she twisted her body around to get a better look, and she actually looked like she was shamelessly admiring how beautiful she looked at the moment.

"How long do you think this painting is on my back? I assume that it's not going to last forever."

"Yeah, it should wear off and disappear in a few days or at most a week. Why do you ask that?...Do you not like how it looks on your back?" I asked with a bitter smile on my face, knowing that I would actually feel a little sad if Camila said she wasn't fond of it, as it was technically my first gift to her.

"No, rather the opposite."

Camila said as she stroked her back and looked at her back like she was looking at a treasure she wanted to safeguard and protect with her life on the line.

"I want this little pseudo-tattoo to stay on my back for the rest of my life, as even though it's quite shameless of me to admit, I think I look so much more beautiful than I looked before without it on my back, and just can't stop myself from admiring myself because of how pleasing I look to the eye, like my body was a canvas that was meant to be painted by the Gods."

"I also don't want something so precious that you've given me to be washed off in a week or two and want it on my for the rest of my life, to remind myself and whoever sees my back who I belong to." Camila said as she looked at me with a solemn look in her eyes that was full of so much love that it even made me embarrassed at how she was looking at me affectionately, and look away.

"...Y-You don't have to worry about it, since if you want, I can do what I did to your back anytime and give you a chance to admire yourself again..."

I was supposed to say that in a confident and domineering manner, but the sincere look in Camila's eyes made me unable to face her brazen feelings and made me act like a shy little boy trying to put moves on an older lady.

"I see...Then I'll call you to my home when the picture on my back wears off, so that you can do what you did to my back once again." She said as she pushed herself into my embrace even more, to the point that her breasts were lying flat on my chest, and she was looking at me with a sultry gaze, like she was provoking me out of love, which I honestly couldn't handle and made me take a step back.

Camila giggled at my shy demeanour that she didn't see that often, without even caring that her breasts were right in front of me and jiggling around every time she chuckled and looked more interested in seeing my flustered image, which made her want to pull on my cheeks and spoil me in return for being such a cute little boy.

"Oh right, I forgot to ask, but how did you know that Purple Camillias were my favourite type of flowers?" Camila asked with a curious look on her face, wondering what else I knew about her.

"With a first name like 'Camila', it's not that hard to figure out what your favourite flower may be." I said, which made her give a wry smile, realising how obvious it was.

"I also saw all the Camilla flowers you had planted in your garden outside and figured out that you really liked that flower and thought it would be a good idea to put that image you love so much on your back, which fortunately worked out."

"You even saw that small detail and found out what I like just by seeing that?!" Camila asked in shock and looked at me as if she were staring at an enigma.

She then looked at me with a suspicious gaze in her eyes and asked,

"Just who are you and why are you so different from the men in this world, who couldn't even be bothered to remember what their wives favourite food or colour is?"

She then came forward while her tits flapped around in the open, and she poked my chest with her finger, like she was checking if I was real and actually existed in reality and wasn't just a figment of her imagination, and asked,

"Are you actually a member of this world, or are you an alien that came from a different planet?"

Camila didn't just look smart and sophisticated; but she was actually really intelligent and was quick on the uptake, as she had just revealed my biggest secret with absolutely no effort at all.

"Or maybe you're the Child of God or an angel from the heavens who was sent into this world to comfort the poor women that lived here." She said as she rubbed my cheeks and joked around, not knowing that what she was saying was absolutely right.

"Well, even if I were an angel sent to this world, then know that I was sent with the purpose of snatching you from this cruel and dark place and taking you all the way to heaven with me." I said as I pulled her into my arms and gave her a big hug, as I looked down on Camila's beautiful face that was looking up at me as well, with love-filled eyes that were brimming with happiness and comfort.

"Oh, so you know where heaven is?" Camila said and pushed herself towards me, asking for a kiss on her forehead.

Chu!~



"Of course I do..." I said after giving her a kiss and let my hands slide up to her butt, and to her surprise, I carried her up in my embrace until her legs were wrapped around me. "...Heaven is in the bedroom, and that's exactly where I'm taking you right now."

I did just as I said and carried her towards the room that looked to be the room she shared with her husband.

"Noo!~ You can't do that!~ I'm a married woman!~" Camila shouted coquettishly, knowing that I wouldn't do anything, and I was just joking around with her.

"Married woman or not...A lecherous woman like you who goes around flaunting her bare chest to young men like me needs to be fucked day and night until you gasp in my hands to show that some people aren't meant to be provoked." I said like a tyrant while suckling on her neck to give her even more hickeys for her to remember.

Suck~ Suck~

"Fuck me?...Y-You want to fuck me?" Camila whimpered as she felt her neck get sucked on. "B-But I'm already bound by an oath that's already written down on paper~ S-So you can't do such a disgraceful thing to a woman like me who already has a daughter your age!~"

"Well, I'll just tear through that paper like how I'm going to tear through your pussy tonight, if that's the only thing that's stopping me from having a taste of you~" I said as I proceeded to go towards the bedroom.

"Noo~ You can't do such a thing when my husband is not around~" Camila went along with the act and shouted like a pityful little wife that was being forced on by the neighbour next door, who looked so innocent but was actually a beast in disguise. "You especially can't do anything since the neighbours are coming over here in a little bit for a neighbourhood meeting~"

I thought Camila was joking at first when she said that the neighbours were coming.

But I quickly realised that she wasn't when I saw how drastically her face changed to that of shock and fear, as if she had just remembered that someone was coming over after saying it out loud, which made me stare at her in dismay wondering if she was actually as smart as she was or was also just as clumsy as my mother in certain aspects.

## Chapter 166: Throwing Away Her Toy

"Wait? Are you serious when you say that people are coming over now?" I looked at the clock on the wall and found that it was going to be 9.

"Yes! Yes, I am!" Camila exclaimed in a frantic manner and jumped out of my arms to go and get her clothes. "The neighbourhood association scheduled a meeting a few days ago, and of all places, it just had to be in my house when you are here! And not anytime else, where I'm not having an affair with the neighbour's child!"

Camila was running around the living room in a frenzy to search for her clothes that I threw off, which made it seem like her associates would be here any second now.

"And what about the mess you made? What are you going to do about that?" I asked as I pointed at the drenched sofa, the wet coffee table, and the puddle on the ground that was made of her love juice.

"That's exactly why I'm hurrying up so much so that I can quickly clean up everything." Camila found her clothes and started putting them on. "If not, I don't know how I'm going to explain this mess I've made in the living room where the meeting is supposed to happen."

"But before that, I need you to get out of the house immediately before they arrive!" She said as she cupped her breasts into her bra, but struggled to put the latch on since she was in a hurry.

Snap~

"Why don't I just stay back and help you clean up before I go?" I went behind her and quickly put the latch on her bra, which made Camila look at me in surprise, realising that the training my mother put me through hadn't gone to waste.

"Because I could still somehow explain why my living room has a transparent viscous fluid all over it without anyone near it..." Camila pushed her bra up to make it more comfortable for herself and put her blouse back on.

"...But if you were still here, those gossiping old ladies wouldn't let me and you off and would come to so many different crazy conclusions on their own that would spread like wildfire throughout the neighbourhood."

"I see.... Hearing that almost makes me want to stay back and allow those ladies to break up your relationship with your husband even faster." I grinned, which made Camila glare at me and pinch me in the waist for playing around at such a serious time.

She then held me by the collar and dragged me across the living room like she was throwing an unruly guest out of her house like the lady boss she was, completely ignoring the fact that she was just flirting around with me a minute ago and waving her breasts around for me to see.

I also let her drag me across the house with a helpless look on her face, since even I didn't dare joke around when Camila looked so solemn and cold right now, which made me fall for another side of her that looked so cool right now all over again.

"Be gentle, Camila. With the way you're pulling me, it looks like you're throwing out your pitiful boy toy after playing around with him all night." I said with a smile on my face, as Camila opened the door to her house.

"Says the one who bargaged into my house, made a mess of my heart, and is now leaving me to handle the mess you've created..." Camila harumphed and pushed me out of the house with a shove, not afraid to get aggressive when she needed to.

I also knew that she wasn't really doing all this to keep up her reputation, but more so that I wasn't caught in any drama during my first week here. And she was doing all this so that I was safe and out of any danger, which put a bright smile on my face even while Camila coldly pushed me out of her house.

"Why are you smiling like that, Kafka? It's creepy...I'm afraid you'll scare the neighbourhood association before they even come near the vicinity of my house if they see that smile of yours." Camila said as she stared at me with narrowed eyes, trying to keep up her serious atmosphere so that I would get away from her house as fast as I could.

"Oh, it's nothing~ I was just thinking how my Camila could be so freaking cute and adorable, even when she looks so grumpy." I said, which immediately made the cold look on her face disappear and replaced it with a flushed face that was as red as a tomato.

"S-Shut up, Kafka!~ W-We can talk about all that stuff later!~" Camila said as she pushed me out of her doorstep in a fluster. "For now, you need to get out of my house immediately before they arrive and start pestering you!"

"Ehhh~ I have to leave without even a kiss or hug?" I complained at her for being so heartless.  
"Does our love only mean so much to you?"

"Shhh!...Be quiet, or else the house next door will hear what you're saying!" Camila looked around, afraid that the neighbours might have seen the scene that was going on.

And after seeing that we were in the safe, she looked at me and urgently said, "I can give you all the kisses and hugs you want later, but for now, get out of here as quickly as you can, or else you'll be caught in a scandalous case in the first week you've moved to this town."

Seeing that Camila wasn't accepting my request and was more worried about me getting caught, I did as she said, turned my back like a wounded warrior, and walked towards her gate while thinking it was a pity that I didn't get the goodbye I wanted and was leaving it off just like that.

But just as I was about to open the gate of her house with a sigh, I heard a panicky voice call out to me from behind.

"K-Kafka!...W-Wait!"

Chapter 167: Finish What You Started

When I turned around to see who was calling me out, I saw Camila looking at me with a nervous look on her face and looking to be hesitating over something in her head.

But after seeing the pityful look on my lonely face, she couldn't handle it anymore and made up her mind as if her motherly instincts had stepped in when she saw a little boy who was in distress.

After resolving herself to what she needed to do to make me feel better, she looked left and right to see if anyone was watching and even looked above as if she knew that the Gods were watching as well.

And after seeing that the coasts were all clear, she gave me one last look, swiftly sprinted towards me barefoot, jumped right into my embrace, and gave me a deep hug.

Jump~ Hug~

And as if to satisfy my desires to have a proper goodbye and also take in a deep whiff of my scent for her to enjoy herself, she rubbed her head on my chest like she was trying to mark me in her

jasmine scent and quickly let me go and ran back to her house, when she realised that she wouldn't have the strength to let go of me if she hugged me for too long and was better off to have a short hug for the safety of us both.

Before closing the door to her house, she peeped out at me from the small, narrow opening to see what my reaction to her sudden hug was, with her cheeks blushing in embarrassment at her spontaneous action.

But she was shocked and horrified when she saw me charging at her like a bull, as if I were trying to snatch her up and take her back to my house for provoking me in such a cute manner and running off on her own like that, after leaving my heart in a mess as well.

Slam!~

As much as she truly wanted to open the door wide and let her beloved lover into her home, she steeled her heart, knowing what would happen if she did so, and slammed the door shut.

The last look I saw on Camila's face before she closed the door was an apologetic one, as if she were sorry for treating me like this and that she would compensate me later on for what she did and didn't do today.

"I'll be waiting, Camila...I'll be waiting."

I said with a gentle smile on my face as I gave the closed door she closed one last stare, knowing that she was probably looking at me through the peephole right now and turned away knowing that she got my message that I would be waiting until she came to terms with her decision, and also for my compensation for treating me so coldly.

And the moment I left her gate after spending a few seconds admiring the Purple Camillias she had in her garden that looked just as beautiful as her, I got a message from the Gods indicating the completion of my request.

Ding~

[Request Completed: You have earned the God of Storms Synthia's appreciation and satisfaction]

[The God of Earth Gaia adores the flower you've painted on Camila's back and admires your ability to appreciate the beauty of nature]

[The Goddess of Harvest Ivanova would prefer if you let your women release their 'pleasure' near a garden next time, as their holy water would at least act as fertiliser for the plants and not let it go to waste]

[The God of Art Charmaine is impressed at your talent to create a beautiful piece of work with little to no tools and wants you to become her disciple and let you improve your skills under her tutelage]

So, I got a God who wants to become my art teacher after seeing my performance?

I'd say that is enough to say that I completed my request to perfection, and there's no need to check if my work on Camila's back deserves to allow me to pass the given request.

But just as I sighed a breath of relief for completing such a vague request and was about to enter my house, I was thrown into the ditches once again when another request arrived right after one finished.

Ding~

[The God of Darkness Sephora sends a request: Finish what you started with your mother by the end of the day]

[Successfully fulfil the request and gain the God's satisfaction and approval]

[Fail the given request and be left to rot in the Eternal Abyss, where the darkness that lies within will consume your existence]

Shiver~ Shiver~

Out of all the punishments I've seen for the failure of a request till now, why are my legs shivering when I hear about this punishment, as if it were the most terrifying one until now?

And isn't the God of Darkness the one who was enjoying the chaos that I brought to the Heavenly Axis and also the one who enjoyed seeing the God of Vanity, my birth mother, get worked up?

Is she suddenly sending this request so that she could trigger another reaction out of my actual mother?

Well, I pray to God that such a disaster doesn't happen again, as I don't think this world could withstand the anger of a God who was going to witness her own son fuck another woman he called mother, other than herself.

And even though the punishment is horrifying to think about, this was a rather easy request to finish, that is, unless my mother in this world decides to abandon me out of embarrassment about what happened yesterday and leaves to another town to deal with her turbid feelings and doesn't come back tonight.

I hope that doesn't happen since I don't want her to return to a house where her son is being consumed by darkness or whatever. But I can't tell for sure what's going to happen, and I'll have to wait till tonight to see what's the final outcome.

It's either me fucking my mother until Camila next door can hear her moans and plays with herself using those lewd noises, like the pervert she was who loved forbidden relationships.

Or it's me dying one of the most horrifying deaths that I simply can't imagine.

One is heaven, and the other is hell.

Now all that's left to see is what side of the cutting board I end up on...

Chapter 168: Surprise Visit In The Night

Nom~ Nom~ Nom~

It was late in the night in the Vanitas household, and when everyone should've been in bed and asleep at this time, there was a certain Milf scarfing down an array of food on her plate, like it was the first time she had seen food in weeks.

She threw all etiquette and table manners aside and just grabbed the food on her plate with her two hands and flung it into her mouth while chewing on it so hard that you could probably hear her eating from the street outside.

She wasn't eating in such a frenzy late in the night because she was hungry or anything, as she had already eaten her dinner at a friend's house where she had been staying for the whole day to avoid her son. But because the food her son had prepared for her and kept in the fridge for when she came home was simply too delicious.

She had no idea when her son had learned to cook, as she even doubted he could even boil water a week ago, but now her son's cooking skills had definitely surpassed hers and rivalled those of the dishes she tasted at top-class restaurants.

She was also glad her son had already gone to sleep and wasn't waiting for her to come home, as she would have no chance to enjoy all this food with him watching. She also didn't want him to stay up all night and disrupt his well-needed sleep, just because she ran off and stayed away from her home to avoid her son after what happened yesterday.

To think that she was the one who pushed her son away because she needed time to adapt to their new relationship, only to trip over her own love juice and take her own virginity in the end...

That was more than enough humiliation and shame for her to wonder if she should just run away and never stop so that she didn't have to face her son again.

Even now, her pussy hurt a little every time she moved because she had torn her hymen in such a forceful manner and jammed a massive rod all the way into her womb in one go, which constantly reminded her of what she did and made her want to dig a hole and jump into it out of embarrassment.

If the burning feeling of her lower lips wasn't enough, the hollow feeling she felt inside of her lower body after taking such a huge object in her, as if a spear had pierced all the way through her, was enough to remind her as to why she shouldn't go back home anytime soon.

But no matter how playful and childish she was, she was still a mature adult in the end, and after some time to herself, she came to terms that her son had taken her first time and there was nothing she could do above it.



And since the final barrier that was stopping her was also gone, she also decided to throw away all her restrictions aside and live happily with her son, letting him do all the things he wanted to do with her body, as shameful as it may be.

But it was still embarrassing to see her son after talking so big and making a fool of herself, so she felt relieved that her son had already gone to sleep after making some food for her and wasn't waiting for her to come.

With that thought in her mind, she continued to gobble down the delicious food her son had made for her until her stomach couldn't handle anymore. rξ-∂∂&-o@n--

After she finished her second dinner, she found that the dishes and utensils that were used last night and the mess she made on the floor yesterday were all cleaned up.

And the house itself looked like it had been dusted, mopped, wiped down, and made so that there wasn't a single speck of dust floating around, which made her wonder when her son had become the ideal househusband who knew how to clean and cook to perfection.

After turning the lights and locking the door, she went towards her room on the first floor while admiring the neat condition her house was in, to go to bed since it was already quite late.

She thought of going to her son's room to check if he was sleeping soundly, but she was afraid she might wake him up, so she decided to deal with him tomorrow and have a good night's sleep for now.

Kachung~

But just as she opened the door of her room and was about to leap into her bed, she was scared stiff as her eyes went wide in shock when she found that the insides of her room were lit up and not as dark as she thought.

And the most terrifying part wasn't even her brightly lit room, but the tall and sturdy figure who was standing right in front of the door like he had been waiting for her this whole time with a grin on his face that looked so devilish at the moment.

She didn't even need to think about who it was that had invaded her room, as there was only one person who looked so handsome even though he had skin as pale as paper, as if he were suffering

from some kind of blood deficiency, and that person was her very own son, whom she had been trying to avoid this whole day but ended up finding near the worst place possible, which was her bedroom.

And judging by the greedy look in his eyes like a wolf that had found a fat sheep to feast on, it didn't seem like her son was here to say goodnight to his mother and looked like he was going to 'show' her a 'good night', that she would never forget for the rest of his life.

The old her would've tried to run away at first sight when she saw her son looking at her like he couldn't wait to sink his fangs into her flesh, but she now knew that there was no running away from her son and chose to accept her fate, which was going to be judged by her son.

"Well, hello there, mom...Fancy seeing you here after disappearing without saying a word for an entire day." Her son said in a sarcastic tone while leaning over her, which made her even more scared than she already was. "Have you finally decided to return home after running away from me for so long?"

"W-Who said I was running away from you, Kafi? Mommy just had some errands to run for the registration of our residence, and it took a little longer than I expected." She said, trying to put on a brave front, like she wasn't scared of her son at all. "And didn't I write you a note as to where I'm going? Then how can you say that I left you behind without a single word?"

"Is that so?...So, you really were only late because you got caught up in work and no other reason whatsoever?" He asked as he stared down on her, which made her cower at the sight of her son's dark eyes, which looked so scary right now, and at the same time, she couldn't help but be turned on a little bit, which made her wonder if she was actually a pervert who liked to be bullied by her son.

Chapter 169: Let Me Show You What You Caused...

"I-It really is like that...If you think that your mother is lying, then there is nothing I can do about it." She meekly said and looked away since she wasn't really fond of lying to her son.

"I see...If you had work, then there's really nothing you could've done about it." Her son agreed with her, which made her heave a sigh of relief.

But just when she thought she was out of the danger zone, her son suddenly said, which alerted her to the max.

"It's good that you're finished with the work you did outside. Now we can focus on ourselves without any disturbances and finish what we started yesterday."

"...F-Finish what we started yesterday?" She gulped, having premonitious thoughts of what was to come.

"No, more like finish what you had started yesterday, when I had agreed to stop getting 'closer' to you after hearing your say on the matter." He stepped over to her side and put a hand around her shoulder, as if he were making sure that she didn't run away.

He then bent down while her face went pale in fright and whispered into her ear, saying, "Don't tell me that you forgot what you did yesterday, mom, leaving me to deal with the rampaging feelings you caused all by myself."

"...Even if you did, I know just the perfect way to remind you of the state of things you left everything behind." He said and held out his hand. "So give me your hand, mom, and let me show you just what you caused."

"What are you going to do with my hand, Kafi?" She looked up and asked with a pitiful look on her face, regretting that she had not just stayed at her friend's house tonight.

"Don't worry, mom. I'm just going to use your hand to show you something that you created and left behind to handle on my own." He said as he grabbed her hand by the wrist on his own. "I'm not going to eat it up or anything, no matter how tasty it looks, so you really don't have to look so scared."

Once he caught hold of her hand while standing right by her side, he didn't play around with it and suck on her fingers like she thought he would because he was one hell of a pervert. But he did something much worse than that, which she didn't expect, and to her dismay and surprise, he slowly plunged his hand right into his pants.

Push in~

The moment she felt her hand entering his underpants and she could feel the prickly bush he had on the tip of her fingers, she immediately tried to pull out her hand in fright. But just like always, her son was way too strong for her to resist, and she could only watch with trembling eyes as her hand descended down into his underwear.

Descend~

She could slowly but surely feel the sensation of a massive rod that was burning hot and looked to have snake-like grooves all over it, covering the entirety of her palm to the point where it took her entire hand to grab the thick rod.

And the scariest part wasn't even the sheer size of the pole that felt like it could be used as a heavy weapon in war, but the length of it where she couldn't find the tip of it where it ended no matter how deep she went into her son's pants.

She couldn't believe that such a long and hard object had pierced into her body yesterday and that she wasn't actually seriously injured, and was only left with an aching pussy and legs that were trembling for an entire day.

Well, she did get injured and start bleeding, but that was for an entirely different reason.

"K-Kafi, what are you doing with Mommy's hand?" She said as she held onto her son's cock, which she could feel throbbing in her hand like it was thirsting for her. "This is very inappropriate and not something you should be making your mother do, so quickly let go of my hand so that I can take it out."

"Oh, so you consider something like this inappropriate..." Her son said as he moved his mother's hand up and down, which only made her reluctantly stroke his cock with a flushed look on her face. "Then what about when you jumped right on top of my dick and took it all the way inside of you?"

"Did you not think of that as inappropriate?" Her son smirked, as he could start to feel that her mother was starting to stroke his cock on her own, unbeknownst to her, like it was a reflex to start moving her hands when she felt her son's fat dick in her hands.

Stroke~ Stroke~ Stroke~

"That was an accident, Kafi!.. You have to believe me when I say that I really did accidentally fall on top of your dick, no matter how absurd it sounds!" She turned towards him while having one hand on his chest while the other hand was stroking his cock even more vigorously, like she was trying to convince her son through sheer pleasure.

"Well, that may be true because of how clumsy you are, or it may be false so that you could mask your desire to take in your son's cock without accepting it yourself." Her son said as he adjusted his

pants so that she had more space to work around, which she used efficiently as the way her hands moved around his dick became much more intricate and reminded him that she was a succubus in disguise as a human and was naturally gifted in anything that involved eros.

"But I don't really care about that since what's done is already done, and it's not like I'm dissatisfied with how it ended up."

"I mean, it would've taken a while for you to accept our current relationship if we had left off without anything happening at the end, and I would've had to wait for you with a rock hard cock whenever I saw you."

Her son explained that the reason he was so hard right now was because of her, which unexpectedly didn't make her uncomfortable, but actually made her really excited and happy that her son desired her body, which she had thought had gone long past the expiration date.

And his cock wasn't simply hard out of obligation, but it looked like it was about to burst out of his pants and tear through whatever came in its way to enter her body, which made her loins heat up and increase the speed of her hands as she pushed herself into her son's chest.

Stroke!~ Stroke!~ Stroke!~

"...But now that you've already taken your own virginity, there's nothing that's holding us back anymore, and we can do whatever we want without holding ourselves back anymore, which I'm pretty sure you've realised yourself, mom, after thinking about how we are going to go forth in our relationship for an entire day..."

She looked down in embarrassment after having her thoughts read by her son and didn't know what she should do now that her son knew that she was open to everything and anything, since there really was nothing holding them back anymore and they could even make a baby together if they desired, which made her head go dizzy at the thought of bearing her son's child, which she was sure would be the cutest baby in the world since her son was also super adorable with his chubby little cheeks when he was a baby...

Chapter 170: Let Her Watch From Above

"...B-But Kafi, even if Mommy isn't scared of moving forward in our relationship anymore, isn't it a little rude of you to stick your mother's hand into your pants the moment you see me." She complained about his crass behaviour, which seemed very unlike him since her son acted like a real gentleman most of the time.

"Shouldn't you first take me out to dinner or take me out on a romantic date before you can a-ask me to do s-such things?"

"Did Mommy raise you to be such a boorish man who doesn't take the girl's feelings into account and only thinks about his own selfish desires?" She said with a solemn look on her face like she was lecturing her son while her hand continued to work on his dick, perfectly knowing that the gentlemanly way he acted before had nothing to do with her and was something he had picked up on his own.

"Well, I wouldn't be acting in such a barbaric manner and would've loved to have taken you on a lovely date before we moved towards to anything 'substantial', if a certain someone hadn't provoked me in such a way where my dick has been hard for the whole day without rest and left on her own without taking responsibility for making it the way it's now." Her son said, which made a look of shock appear on her face, and she covered her mouth like she hadn't expected such a thing to happen because of her.

"Is that true, Kafi?! Has your penis still not gone down ever since what happened last night?!" She asked in a frantic manner, like she really thought her son was telling the truth, and even slowly carressed her son's hard cock, like she was making sure nothing had happened to it after staying up for an entire day.

Her son looked at her with a peculiar look on her face, as he didn't expect his mother to be so innocent that she actually believed what he had told and smirked as if he found it funny how serious she got over a joke.

But at the same time, he couldn't blame his mother for being ignorant towards such matters, as it was her first time dealing with the intricacies of being intimate with a man and she lacked a lot of common knowledge regarding that area due to her inexperience, leaving her to be a fledgling towards any topic that involves sex.

He could've just informed her that it wasn't like what she thought and cleared up the misunderstanding. But as someone who loved to see the women he adored in a flustered state, he decided to take advantage of her ignorance and have some fun with her.

"What can I say, mom? After you fainted last night and retreated on your own, my dick has been rock hard for the rest of the day and hasn't rested till now." He lied through his teeth, which his mother ate up and believed every word, with her face turning anxious and worried like she was finding out that her son was silently suffering from an illness while she had been out the entire day.

"After that, I've had to spend the rest of the day at home putting ice on my dick, trying to make it go down."

"What?! You put ice on it?!" She exclaimed in shock when she realised it was much more serious than she thought. "Does it really hurt that much?!"

Her son nodded her head in a pitiful manner, like he had been through a lot while she wasn't at home, which made her feel even more guilty that she was loitering on her own while her son was suffering alone at home.

"But Kafi, couldn't you have just taken your penis out and s-stroked it on your own like you boys do to settle it down on your own?" Her hand went towards the tip of his penis, and she started massaging the bulbous point, like she was trying to show an example of what he should've done in this situation.

Massage~ Swirl~ Squish~ Massage~

"That would've worked if I had a normal boner, mom..." He said as his eyes swept down his mother's erotic body, which had obnoxious curves at all the right places, which made her ears turn at being looked down in such a dirty manner.

And then, to her surprise, he slid his hands up her body and started caressing the outer outline of her bulging breasts while saying, "...But after getting a boner after entering this lewd and tight body of yours and doing nothing with it, I don't think it would settle down with just a little rub by myself and need your help to calm it down."

"Then what are you waiting for, Kafi?! Quickly pull your pants down so Mommy can help you out!"

She simply blushed when she felt her son groping her tits, as her main priority was to first satiate her son's needs before thinking about anything else.

There was also the point to note that she was also actually enjoying the way her son's fingers were circling around her areola through her clothes, and she hoped that her bra was sturdy enough that her son didn't realise how hard her nipples were right now, just like his dick.

"Calm down for a second, mom. You don't have to hurry so much." Her son quickly said when he saw her pulling her pants down like she was going to kneel down and suck his dick on the spot.

"Let's first go inside your room before we start anything else."

Kachuk~

And with that last sentence, he pulled his mother up, wrapped his hand around her shoulder, escorted the poor lady, who had no idea what she was signing up for and simply thought she was helping her son out, and closed the door with his lips curled, ready to show the Gods a show that would probably make a few of their tunics sopping wet.

And especially show his real mother watching from up above the sight of him railing a woman he called mother, while she herself moaned out 'son' every time he reached the deepest part of her to see just how she would react at the forbidden sight...